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Liljana Dirjan

A QUOTIDIAN MORNING, WHEN

like bees in the almond blossom, I nest in you, like a metal spoon that returns your fragrant bitter taste . . . I am the hand that feeds you, the furnace that smelts. My throat is a crater. The wound inside me is nothing but ash.

Every morning, you greedily swallow mouthfuls of fresh water to take away the gooey pollen. My honey. You draw your coat about you. Sticky and viscous, already a stranger.

A cat scratches after you.

Translated from the Macedonian
by **P.H. Liotta**